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# THE BOWDOIN QVILL



January

1916



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THE BOWDOIN QUILL is published at Brunswick, Me., on the fifteenth of each month during the college year, by the students of Bowdoin College. The aim of THE QUILL is to furnish a medium of expression for the literary life of the College, and its columns are open to undergraduates, alumni, and members of the Faculty. All MSS. should be directed to the Chairman of the Editorial Board, and rejected MSS. will be returned if accompanied by stamps. Candidates must have had three articles accepted and printed in order to be eligible for election to the Editorial Board. All business communications should be sent to the Business Manager. The subscription price is one dollar per year, 15 cents single copies.

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# The Bowdoin Quill

*Oh! Nature's noblest gift, my gray goose quill;  
Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will.*

—BYRON

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## The Dreamer

Lost in a wilderness of thought he sits,  
Like one who, loitering with memory,  
Sees, shadowy, a world in charact'ry  
About him pass, light as the swallow flits.

And now anon this reverie he quits,  
And lying lazily beneath a tree,  
Pours from his pastoral pipe such melody  
As a gay heart and innocent befits.

Men call him dreamer as they hurry by,  
And feel a pity for his sad estate—  
His careless hair, the mad light in his eye;  
Men call him fool, yet have not time to wait  
To hear the echoes of his music die  
Away, and rise to sing at heaven's gate.

—Hal S. White



## Lewia Spins a Tale



THE City was dead. Every street, square and alley radiated heat. A thin, sluggish stream of vehicles moved monotonously up and down Broadway, to the tune of several brazen hurdy-gurdies busily engaged in grinding out last year's melodies before deserted shops. New York wilted and perspired under one of the hottest days of the year. I shut my desk with a bang, loosened my collar at the throat, picked up my straw hat and left business behind.

I walked slowly down Eleventh Street, up Broadway, and turned into Fourteenth. As I did so, a big maroon car swung around the corner and drew up beside the curb in a stately, aristocratic way that spoke of well-oiled bearings, perfect brakes, and a good bank account. A dusky fruit-peddler with the never-to-be-excluded ear rings suddenly tried to push his cart in ahead of the machine, as it was about to come to a standstill. Italians are usually exceptionally quick-motined people; but in this instance the Packard was a bit quicker, and the two-wheel push-cart was completely turned over, making the pavement look like an Impressionist's idea of the Garden of Eden



just before the Serpent got in his work.

Of course very pointed words were exchanged, and soon a crowd had collected who eagerly drank in every word of the mouth-against-mouth combat between the enraged Italian fruit-vender and the chauffeur who drove the unoccupied car. Women elbowed their way to the front ranks, men and boys shoved, and even wrinkle-faced grandmothers held their tiny grandchildren high above their heads so that posterity might not be ignorant of this scene. "What a queer old city!" I thought to myself as I passed on. "Surely Curiosity is after all the key-note!"

Now if you go carefully along Fourteenth Street, on the right-hand side you will come to a very old and very dirty tenement house. Next door to this is an unsavory and unsanitary baker-shop, and next door to *this* is Lewia's tiny one-stand Shine Parlor; and it is of Lewia, after all, that I am going to tell this story.

As I climbed into the vacant chair, I instinctively felt that the proprietor was in rare good humor, and, as business was very slack just then, he surely would be able to tell me a story.

"Lewia," said I, settling back in a vain attempt to be comfortable, "tell me, is Curiosity after all the underlying characteristic of this little old Dutch

settlement? Surely *you* ought to know."

"Light 'er dark paste?" dryly demanded Lewia, pulling back his sleeves.

Now Lewia has handled shoe-brushes and applied shoe-paste for twelve years. In the West Side Night School, it takes him a long twenty minutes to fathom a problem beginning, "If A has 12 apples....."; but when he stands before his little chair in the daytime, no man in all Gotham can read the character of his customer, or estimate his financial standing, better than can Lewia; and he also knows the limits and bounds of his education better than many college-breds.

"Light," said I, with a laugh, "—but come now, business is slack, and surely you can tell me a good *story*, at least, —one that you almost believe yourself," I added.

"Speaking of Curiosity,—did I ever tell yer about the time I was King of the Hyla Hula Island in the South Seas and an accepted suitor to the fair Princess Zula?" he asked me after a pause.

"Never," I replied promptly.

"Didn't know I was a sailor, did yer?" he began, "well I was, and am still. Speaking of being curious, I guess I had about the queerest little streak of that stuff that any guy ever had, when I was young. About twelve years ago,

before I got this joint, I used to help unpack fruit steamers over on the East River landings. I sure was a husky lad in those days, and there wan't many that could toss a crate o' limes or a bunch of 'Greens' up out of the hold like little Lewia Mahoney could. Well, I got all interested in the talk and yarns of the sailors that blew in; and one ship in particular, *The Mary Ann*, I was head over heels in love with. She was a trim craft too, sir, and hailed from New Orleans originally, but was transferred onto a fruit line. Something about that ship just kept a-gnawing at that big bump of curiosity, and at last I threw up my job and determined to get a place on board her and see the world or bust! And, as I said, I being a husky, good-natured lad, I gets quite thick with the old man Magoon, her captain; and one day when I helps him thrash a wop that had some words over wages, he takes me on as a regular member of the crew. I was pretty green at first, but it wasn't long before I could hitch my jeans and reel off salt-sea lingo like I'd never seen land but in pictures. Old man Magoon was a peculiar old guy, sort o' fat and plump, with a big crop of red whiskers, a double-breasted face and a fondness for salt-fish hash.

"I remember one day after we'd been

out to sea about six days, bound for where the plantins grow, I felt a peculiar devilish sensation take possession of my head, and I began to wonder what would happen if we should change our course due West instead o' South. That night it happened to be my turn at the wheel; so I brings *The Mary Ann's* nose 'round West, lashes the wheel to the rail and takes a quiet little snooze. Along about three bells a big wind comes up, the sky gets black, and the blitzen cuts up something fierce. Old man Magoon comes running up to me and wants to know how in blazes we've changed our course. He hadn't any more'n said that when there's a big shock aft, and soon a mate comes runnin' with the news that she's sinkin' fast with a big hole in her side, and that the old girl can't last more'n twenty minutes. Well sir, we had ter take to the boats quick to save our skins, and the Captain and me gets one all by ourselves—being as it only took a few men in those days to run a fruit-boat. We drifted apart from the rest, and soon there were no others in sight. Old man Magoon divided his time conscientiously between a-cussin' me and eating salt fish and drinking up all the fresh water in the keg. Pretty soon our rations give out, and we invents a real nice gentle little stew out of our boot-

taps and water, het over a little stove we brought along. About the third day, when the fresh water was about gone, and we were on our uppers in more ways than one, we sees a sandy beach loomin' up ahead in the fog. 'Glory be,' says old man Magoon, as he jumps right over the side and starts to swim. Now I was a pretty good man in the water, and when I sees the Cap'n gurgle, sputter, and go under, I jumps over, Australians up to him, gets a good hold on his whiskers, and strikes out for shore, which I finally reaches after a struggle.

"On the shore was a little gathering to welcome us of about the queerest look-in' humans I ever saw. Sort of dark olive in color they was, with long strings o' shells around their necks and chicken feathers in their hair. In the center stood an old man, their king. He hadn't many clothes on, with the exception of a string of shark's teeth round his neck and a piece of a rib thrust careless-like through his left ear-lobe. At his side was the most beautiful girl I ever saw, sir,—his daughter, the Princess. Of course it was only natural that me wading ashore—out of the sea as it were—should make quite a hit with the natives, carrying old man Magoon gracefully on my shoulder, he

a-cussin' and a-gaspin' to beat three of a kind!

"Well, sir, I was the Big Noise on that isle from that day on. Old man Magoon, after he'd coughed up a little brine, had to be my own personal valet by unanimous vote of the natives. You should have seen 'em all kow-tow and wig-wag to me when I took my mornin' walk on the shore, after a breakfast of wild honey, milk, oranges and figs, with the old ex-king himself a-struttin' along proudly at my side and old man Magoon doin' guard duty in the rear, carryin' a long palm leaf to keep off all the flies and skeeters that might bother my neck!

"I was a big hit with the Princess, you can bet on that, sir, for many were the nights I played the u-ka-lalee and sang 'For Old Erin' in the still, tropical moon-light, far out there in the warm seas, on that unknown little isle; and the Princess sat near me, rapt in wonder, listening with wide eyes as I told her of my own country so far away. She taught me her own lingo after a while, and I could soon hand out as good a line as they could. But, sir, I began to get restless. I wanted to see the old town again, and the idea of swinging up past the Battery and the Colgate Clock looked pretty nice to me. As luck would have it, I hails a liner



with my shirt tied to the end of a bamboo, and was rescued—me and the Cap'n.

"Never will I forget the day I left. I sat in the stern as the strong lads rowed me back to the liner: the Princess Zula Hula sat alone on the highest ledge, her soft, wide eyes wet with tears, her arms outstretched to me as I waved good-bye. On the shore her loyal subjects prostrated themselves as a last farewell mark of respect and devotion to their king. As I waved the last time, I heard her sob, 'My King—you will come back—sometime'.... As the shore-line grew dim, I could just make out the Princess bowed in grief, pressing one of my old tattered coat-sleeves to her lips."

He paused; there was a far-away look in his eyes—

"This is a story—" he began.

"Which *I* don't believe a damned word of," I finished cheerfully.—"Have a cigar?"

"Thanks, sir," said Lewia. "Neither do I! Whew; get that hot gust of wind from the pavement? Ain't it a scorcher!"

—H. T. Mooers




## Sonnet

The soldier, going forward to the fight,  
Looks upward at the flag which floats above,  
The cherished emblem of the man's best love.  
His courage fills him, and his heart is light.  
The Christian, martyred for his Master's name,  
Looks upward at the bowl we call the sky.  
A sense of approbation from on high  
Uplifts the man, absolved from earthly blame.  
And even I, when petty tasks oppress,  
Sometimes glance up and meet thy pictured eyes  
Reflected from my desk, and paradise,  
Beside your smile—forgive me—seems the less.  
If such small things can give me joy, I pray  
That you may never turn your eyes away.

—R.L.A. '19

## On Literary Expression

HE sight of blank pages of smooth, white paper always fills me with a pleasurable sense of anticipation. When I have chosen the title for my theme, I look at it curiously; and I wonder what *I* can bring to that particular subject that can be valuable, interesting, or of delight. There echoes in my ears the cry that is as old as Solomon-the cynic's cry throughout all the ages,—"There is nothing new under the sun." In my depression, I feel that anything I can conceive is but a garbled, empty version of what some greater mind has conceived, and sounded in a voice so imperious as to silence later generations. This feeling is at first disconcerting, but there is a way out. This way is personal expression; prate and disparage as you will, here is something that is forever new.

If I write about a sunset, and have no remarkable power of expression, I may fail utterly to give new expression to the peculiar joy, hope, or despair that the sight affords me; even so, my *thought* is individual; it is different from the thought that anyone else *ever* had in looking at a sunset. To no one who thinks is the sunset a mere riot of color. To one it is a symbol of hope,

a refuge from the flesh-pots of the smoky city; to another its deepening shades and shrouding darkness are a vivid figure of despair; to a lover it is an Hesperides—it stretches away in dim twilight to the land whose shore is “washed with the farthest sea.” To everyone it is different.

Think, then, if the detail in one’s experience that is a sunset can be all things, how varied and rich are the treasures of a life’s experience—a life of a thousand glorious sunsets, which to me are different from Jones’s sunset; a life of rainy days and bitter days, sweet days and lonely days, each of which is different from Jones’s days. This, to me, is the wonder of life—the homely fact that a day, in all its varying moods, is the expression of a personality built up from experience, of a personality which is a thousand times as different as each day which made it. A day is a thread in the tapestry of life, that adds its past to the intricate pattern of the fabric—the fabric which has no duplicates. Some of the patterns are of dark and sombre tone, and broken off abruptly, where the weaver left them. Some of them are glowing in the rich elegance of purple and gold, brilliant and nearly complete.

It is this ability to think and feel differently which, if the thought or feel-

ing is beautiful as well as different, makes literary expression. A thousand men looked at a daisy in a little field, and to them it was a common flower—rather pretty to be sure—but no more. Wordsworth looked, and saw its star-like shadow on a stone; to him the sight was the nucleus of a beautiful thought—of the “delicate companionship” of light and shade that, without our realizing it, forms half the beauty of our world. “But,” you say, “no one but a poet would wander around looking at a daisy’s shadow on a stone.” Perhaps not. And yet there is not one of us but enjoys a brisk walk into the country on a pleasant day; and no intelligent person can walk without thinking. The thought may be merely curiosity as to what the turn of the road will bring into view; well, isn’t there a world of romance in that thought? The turn of the road is what makes life interesting. Express your particular feeling of “the turn of the road,” and what far-reaching vistas open up before you! There was the romance of your first lace-trimmed valentine, that cost you such weighty deliberation, when the road was the labyrinthic tangle of the feminine heart; ah, you felt more awe and wonder at her ten-year old simplicity than you ever have since! There was the romance

of coming to college, when the road was the unfolding, far-stretching wonder of the college—with its myriad by-paths of college spirit, friendship, athletics, college dances, and what not. Why, in the turn of the road was the romance of life itself!

When one looks at a sunset, one instinctively cries out at the wonder and pleasure that is felt. Literary expression is the cry of a heart that sees, feels, and wants to share the beauty or grandeur of its thoughts and feelings with others. It is, however, tremendously difficult to do this. It is maddening to look at a sun rising like a great rose in the dew-steeped pearl of morning mist, fairly bursting with emotion, and then say, "Isn't that beautiful?" The feeling is too great for the words; the common coin of ordinary conversation seems suddenly counterfeit. This empty feeling is the lock that seals too many hearts. One says, "There is no use in my trying to write. I'm not the literary kind." Few of us are "the literary kind." But all of us, if we inquire into the treasure-store of our experience, can find strange fancies, half forgotten jewels of feeling that we didn't know existed. Look in, explore, and tell us what you find; don't think all the diamonds are paste; they are genuine and beautiful. Let us see them

shine. They will gleam all the more brightly for the display; the greatest wonder of this vast treasure-store is that it increases miraculously when it is used.

Look for the feelings that cried out in pain at the inane comment, "Isn't that beautiful!" Look for the hope, or despair, or Hesperides in the sunset. Look for the romance in the turn of the road. At first these thoughts and feelings will be slow to answer the summons of your pen. Never mind, keep on calling. In time a vast throng, a uniformed army, will crowd to your service and march in long even lines across the reviewing-field of paper—a triumphant procession with you, the general of the mighty army, leading them on in happy pride.

—*F. R. Jr.*

## Memories

With only the present to live in,  
With always a past to forget,  
We dream in the hopes of tomorrow  
And melt in the mists of regret.  
But the hand-clasp will live,  
And the eye-proof  
Of friendship, of truth, and of love  
Will be in the dusk, as at dawning,  
The link between earth and above.

—*Jacob F. Weintz—ex. '15*



## “The Cross of Honour”

(A Playlet in One Act)

### The Characters:

A Doctor

A Soldier

A Nurse

His Son

A Priest

Scene: A French field-hospital.

Time: The present.

THE SOLDIER. There's another! See the smoke! They're getting the range now! Wait until the shrapnel starts!

THE DOCTOR. You had better give him another quarter-grain in a few minutes, if that does not quiet him..... and bring the screen for number 34; I'm afraid he won't know the priest, but you may as well send him in.

\* \* \* \*

(*The Nurse passes to the end of the ward and speaks to an interne, who goes out.*)

\* \* \* \*

THE SOLDIER. Lucky you are off half an hour, Joseph! Stay in the shelter.....Ugh, this mud is cold!.....  
(*Gradually he grows still*)

THE DOCTOR. (*To himself*) Nasty business; blind for life and his son.....a few hours. (*To the Nurse, who has returned*) The man must be kept quiet; a bit of excitement may be fatal.

\* \* \* \*



(*A Priest enters, followed by internes with two screens. These they place around the bed of the son in order to give seculsion to his last moments.*)

THE SOLDIER. (*As if awakening*) They are setting up a screen; I can hear it. Who is it now? The German whom they brought yesterday? Poor fellow, he always moaned about his wife. Often he kept me awake.

THE NURSE. (*Soothingly*) There, lie back and try to go to sleep.

THE SOLDIER. Yes, I will sleep. I am tired; I feel it. To-morrow you will remove the bandage, won't you?

THE SON. (*Repeating in a low monotone the words of the priest*) ..... gave his only begotten son.....

THE SOLDIER. (*Suddenly aroused*) Whose voice is that?

THE SON. (*Repeating*).....that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

THE SOLDIER. (*Struggling to rise*) Joseph! My little boy! I must go to him. Those sounds, what do they mean? He needs me, I —

THE NURSE. No! No!

THE PRIEST. (*To the Son*) Here, take the cross and press it to your lips.

THE SOLDIER. (*Frantically*) The cross! Then he.....

THE NURSE. (*Lying desperately*) Be quiet! Can you not hear? They are giving him the Cross of Honour. Everything is all right. You must rest.

THE SOLDIER. The cross for bravery! The Great Legion! Ah, little Joe, I am so proud,.....so proud.

*(Smiling weakly, he sinks back upon the white pillow and soon drops into a peaceful slumber. After a long time, the priest rises from his knees by the other bed and comes to the side of The Soldier, where he stands looking down at the sleeping form.)*

THE PRIEST. (*Gently*) Yes, the cross rests upon his breast. The cross of the greatest of all legions—the legion of death.

—L. O. K. '18

[THE END.]

## The Editor's Easy Chair

**I**N the music world today, not the least fact of interest is that music, alone of all the arts, seems to transcend the fearful cataclysm which at present threatens to engulf the very civilization and being of Europe.

The priceless libraries of Louvain are no more. Lost forever beneath the wanton advance of the German serpent, their very ruins will forever stand as an ineffaceable monument to the horrors of war and the cupidity of German militarism.

Buried in an obscure grave in the East, Rupert Brooke holds by the nerveless hand of death one spot "that is forever England."

The cathedral at Rheims and many a sacred pile of humbler stature are today but a glorious memory.

The paintings and statues of Europe are hidden away or else lie mingled in the dust.

War has marshalled the forces of art and literature in the grim ring that surrounds the central powers. From the capitals of Europe, they have poured forth, and their places shall know them no more.

But music, the etherial, the immortal, goes on forever.

New York is once more to hear the glorious voice of Caruso; Kreisler and Paderewski will contribute the proceeds of packed houses to the cause of their country-men who are killing each other or starving to death on the barren, wind-swept plains of desolate Poland.

Boston, during the past months, was the scene of some peculiarly fine work in the opera. While her countrymen are perishing in the marshes of Russia, Pavlowa, the incomparable, still reigns supreme. "Madam Butterfly", with the little Jap and an actual child, was realistic and charming to a degree; and "Boheme" was a performance long to be remembered for the sympathetic and *spirituelle* quality of its presentation. And when the ballets, with the music of Chopin and Tschaikowsky, were presented—all that is left of that glorious past which was Poland—how very remote, how very incomprehensible seemed the awful conflict which at this moment is shaking a world.

—E. A.

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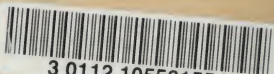
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